

GROUNDNDED

MARVEL

#4

**ZDARSKY
ANKA
WILSON**

STAR-LORD





PETER QUILL IS THE HALF-ALIEN, HALF-HUMAN SON OF THE FORMER KING OF SPARTAX AND MEREDITH QUILL OF EARTH. ARMED WITH HIS ELEMENT GUNS AND ALIEN HELMET, QUILL HAS SPENT MUCH OF HIS LIFE ROAMING THE COSMOS IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE AS A PART-TIME GUARDIAN OF THE GALAXY AND A FULL-TIME GUNSLINGER.

STAR-LORD

PETER QUILL IS ALONE, ON PROBATION IN NEW YORK CITY AFTER LOSING HIS SHIP, FIGHTING WITH THE GUARDIANS, AND GETTING ARRESTED FOR BRAWLING. HE WAS STARTING TO GET USED TO HIS COURT-MANDATED COMMUNITY SERVICE--SPENDING TIME WITH RETIREE EDMUND ALLEN--AND HIS JOB AT THE BAR EDMUND'S SON MANAGES. SUPER VILLAIN HANGOUT THE BAR WITH NO NAME, WHEN DAREDEVIL SHOWED UP LOOKING FOR CASH MISSING FROM A ROBBERY PETER AND EDMUND HELPED FOIL. IT SEEMS EDMUND HAS A HIDDEN SIDE. PLUS, THERE MIGHT BE AN EVEN DARKER SIDE TO THE BAR! LOUDMOUTH PATRON DIAMONDHEAD'S BEEN KIDNAPPED BY BLACK CAT! SHE'S BEEN MONITORING HIS DRUNKEN BOASTS AND WANTS TO HARVEST DIAMONDS FROM HIS WEIRD BODY!

WRITER

**CHIP
ZDARSKY**

ARTIST

**KRIS
ANKA**

COLOR
ARTIST

**MATTHEW
WILSON**

LETTERER

**VC'S CORY
PETIT**

COVER
ARTIST

**KRIS
ANKA**

TITLE
PAGE
DESIGN

ANTHONY GAMBINO

ASSISTANT
EDITOR

KATHLEEN WISNESKI

EDITORS

DARREN SHAN & JORDAN D. WHITE

EDITOR
IN CHIEF

AXEL ALONSO

CHIEF
CREATIVE
OFFICER

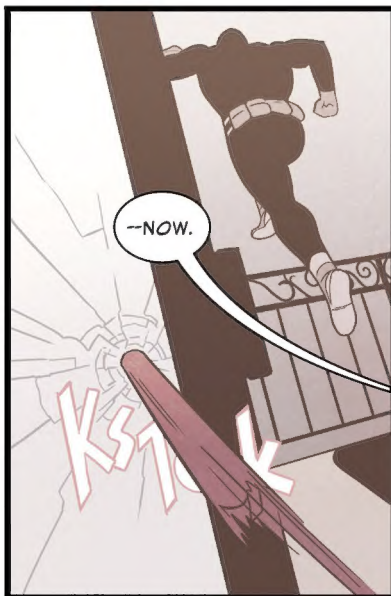
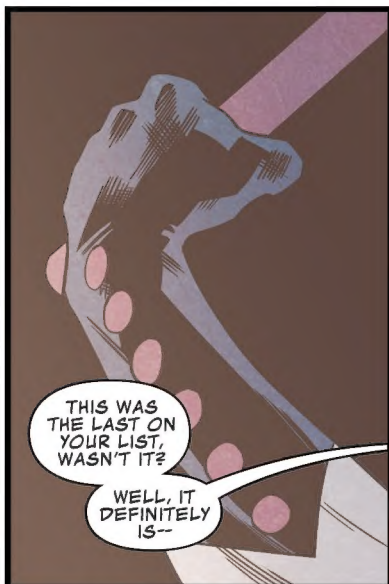
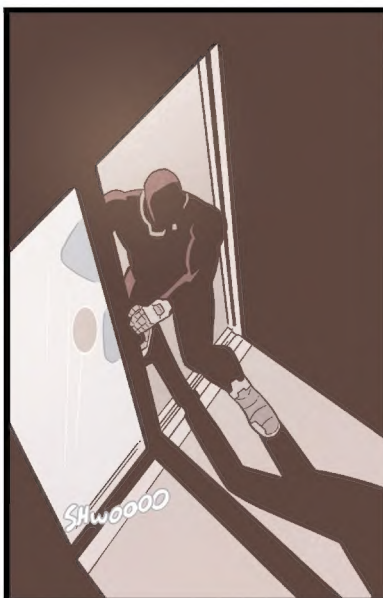
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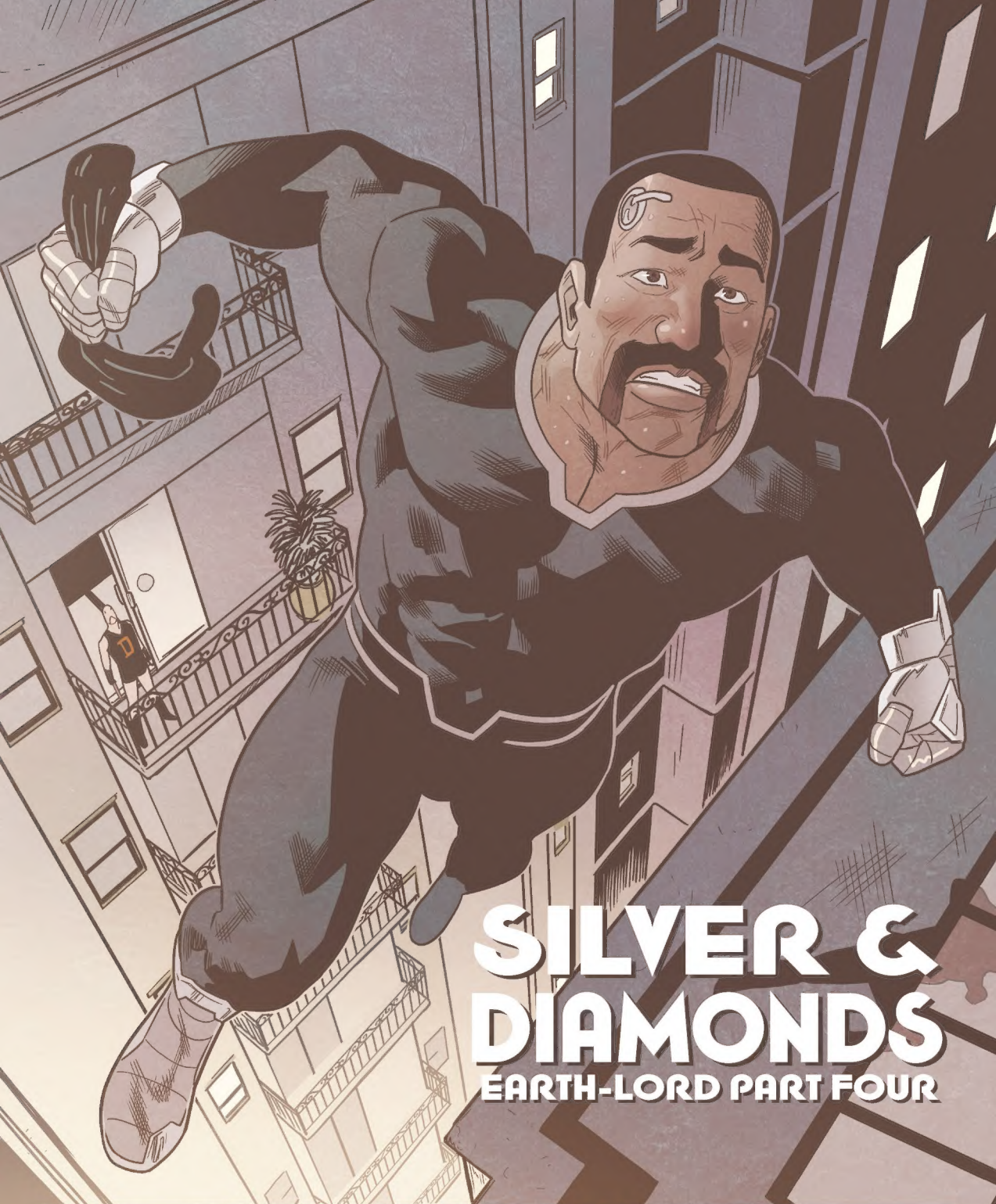
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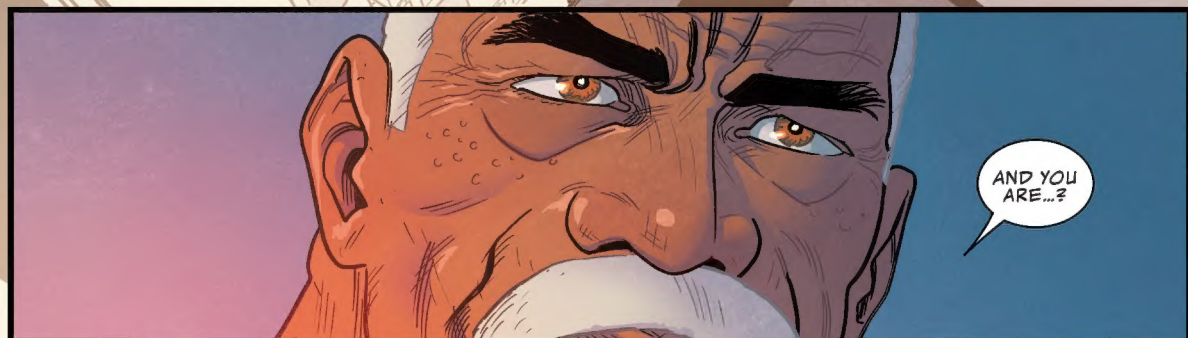
ALAN FINE





SILVER & DIAMONDS

EARTH-LORD PART FOUR



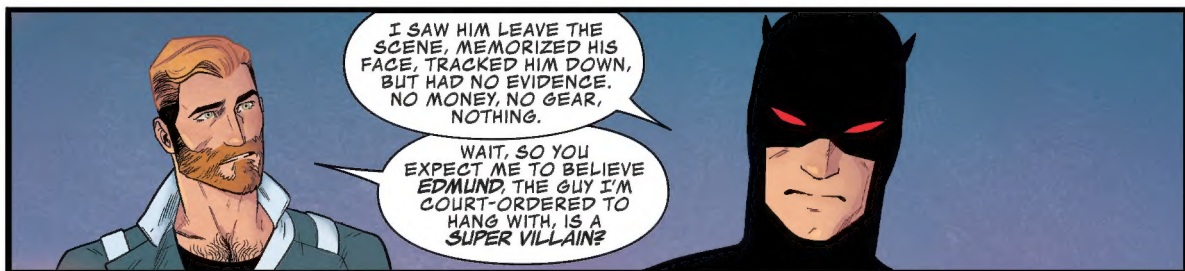


UNBELIEVABLE.
EDMUND ALLEN.

YEAH?
SO?

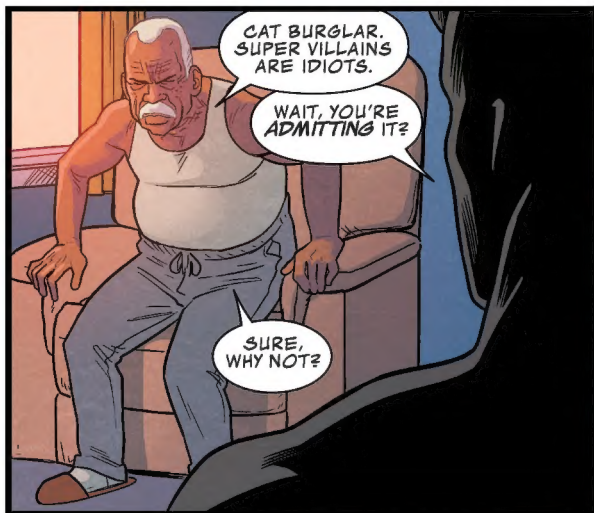
EDMUND HERE
WAS MY TOP SUSPECT
IN A SERIES OF ROBBERIES
AT THE BEGINNING OF MY
CAREER--

YOU CALL
HARASSING AN
OLD MAN WHILE
WEARING A MASK
A "CAREER"?



I SAW HIM LEAVE THE
SCENE, MEMORIZED HIS
FACE, TRACKED HIM DOWN,
BUT HAD NO EVIDENCE.
NO MONEY, NO GEAR,
NOTHING.

WAIT, SO YOU
EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE
EDMUND, THE GUY I'M
COURT-ORDERED TO
HANG WITH, IS A
SUPER VILLAIN?



CAT BURGLAR.
SUPER VILLAINS
ARE IDIOTS.

WAIT, YOU'RE
ADMITTING IT?

SURE,
WHY NOT?



YOU
GONNA TAKE
THE STAND? YOUR
WORD AGAINST
MINE?

BUT YOU--

I QUIT
AFTER YOU,
Y'KNOW.



ALWAYS SWORE
I'D STOP IF IT GOT
TOO DANGEROUS,
CLEAN MY TRACKS. DON'T
CARE MUCH NOW, BUT
BACK THEN I DID,
WHEN I HAD
SOMETHING TO
LOSE.

ARE YOU...
IS THIS FOR REAL?
DO YOU HAVE, LIKE,
POWERS OR--

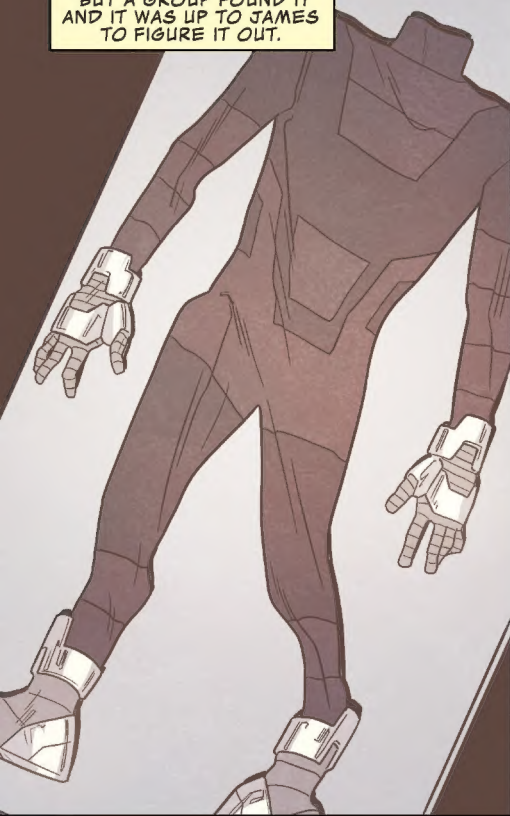
NAH.



THAT
WAS ALL MY
BROTHER,
JAMES...

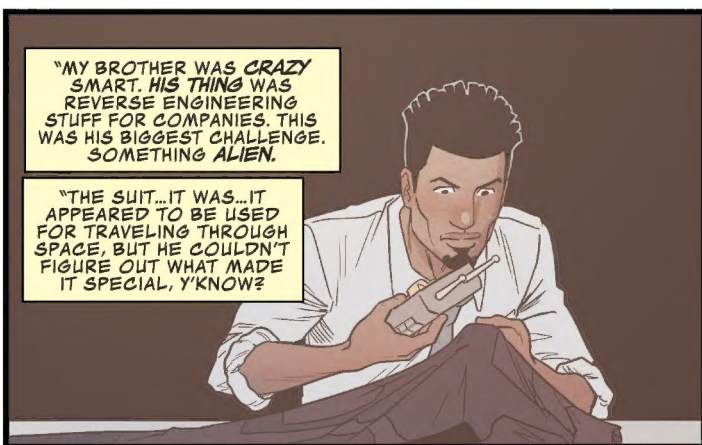
"...AND THE SUIT. SOMETHING...
FROM SOMEWHERE,
SOMETIME, WHO KNOWS?

"BUT A GROUP FOUND IT
AND IT WAS UP TO JAMES
TO FIGURE IT OUT.



"MY BROTHER WAS **CRAZY**
SMART. HIS **THING** WAS
REVERSE ENGINEERING
STUFF FOR COMPANIES. THIS
WAS HIS BIGGEST CHALLENGE.
SOMETHING **ALIEN**.

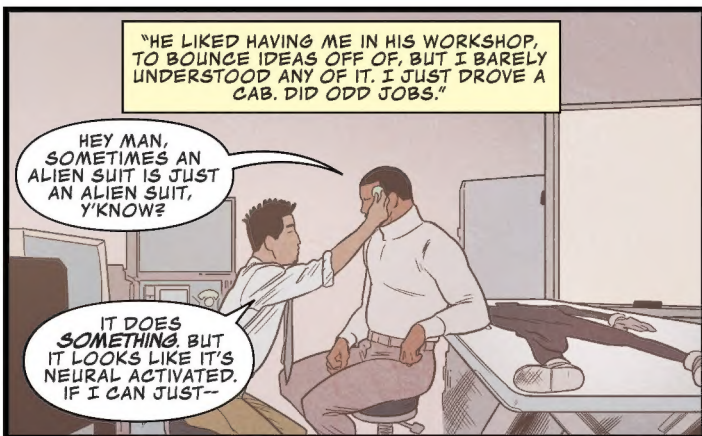
"THE SUIT...IT WAS...IT
APPEARED TO BE USED
FOR TRAVELING THROUGH
SPACE, BUT HE COULDN'T
FIGURE OUT WHAT MADE
IT SPECIAL, Y'KNOW?



"HE LIKED HAVING ME IN HIS WORKSHOP,
TO BOUNCE IDEAS OFF OF, BUT I BARELY
UNDERSTOOD ANY OF IT. I JUST DROVE A
CAB. DID ODD JOBS."

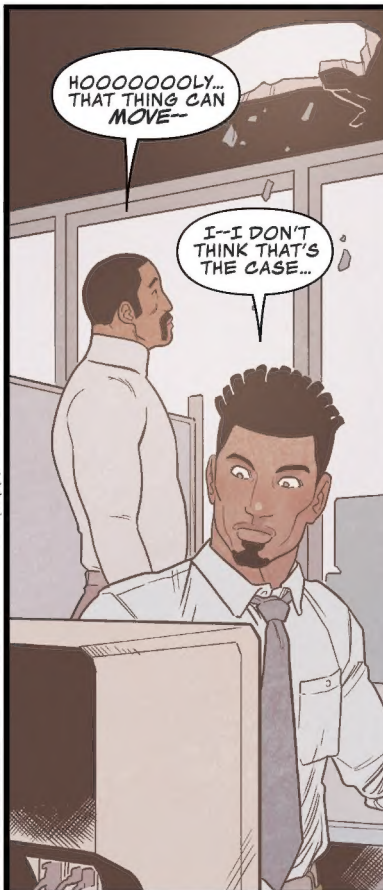
HEY MAN,
SOMETIMES AN
ALIEN SUIT IS JUST
AN ALIEN SUIT,
Y'KNOW?

IT DOES
SOMETHING. BUT
IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S
NEURAL ACTIVATED.
IF I CAN JUST--

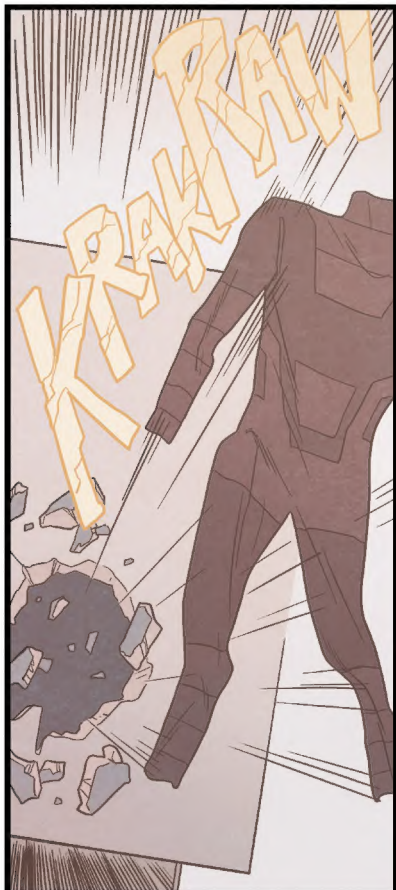


HOOOOOOOOLY...
THAT THING CAN
MOVE--

I--I DON'T
THINK THAT'S
THE CASE...

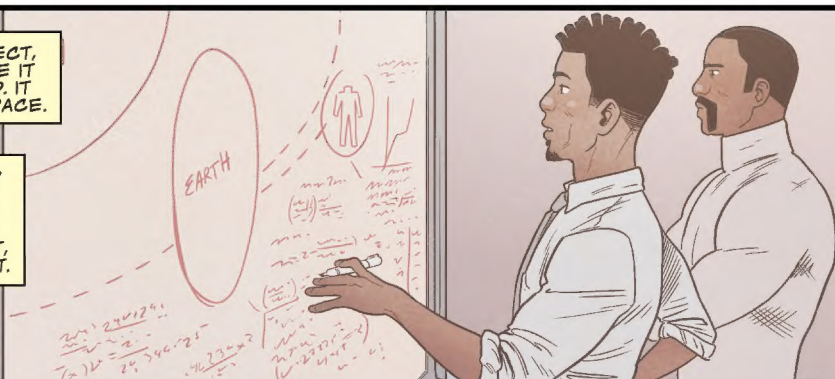


...I THINK
WE'RE THE
ONES WHO'RE
MOVING.



"THE SUIT COULD LOCK INTO A PERFECT, FIXED POSITION. TO THE POINT WHERE IT COULDN'T BE BUDGED, OR DAMAGED. IT COMPLETELY OCCUPIED A POINT IN SPACE.

"BUT EARTH DIDN'T. WE MOVED AWAY FROM THE SUIT AT 20 MILES PER SECOND. IF OUR ROTATION HAD BEEN DIFFERENT, THE SUIT WOULD HAVE SHOT RIGHT THROUGH THE PLANET, OBLITERATING ANYTHING IN FRONT OF IT.



"JAMES WORKED AROUND THE CLOCK UNTIL HE UNLOCKED A SETTING FOR THE BOOTS AND GLOVES THAT KEEPS THEIR POSITION FIXED IN RELATION TO PLANET'S.

"THAT MEANT THERE WAS THE POSSIBILITY TO HAVE THE PARTS MOVE, GUIDED BY THE MIND. AS IT WAS YOU COULD LOCK THEM IN PLACE, UNLOCK, RELOCK. IT'S HOW I COULD 'RUN' THROUGH THE AIR.

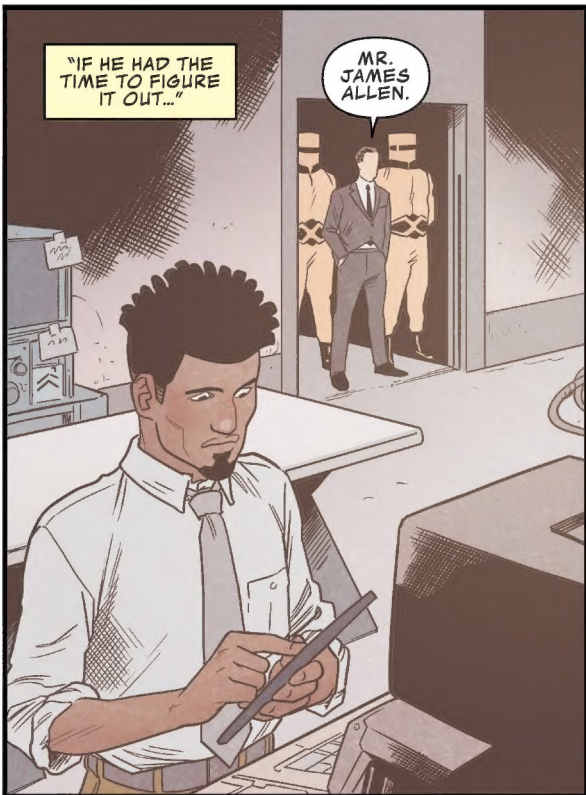


"BUT IF THEY COULD MOVE...FLIGHT, ULTIMATE STRENGTH, INVULNERABILITY. A THING THAT COULD OCCUPY SPACE PERFECTLY, WITH MOTION, COULD DO ANYTHING.



"IF HE HAD THE TIME TO FIGURE IT OUT..."

MR. JAMES ALLEN.

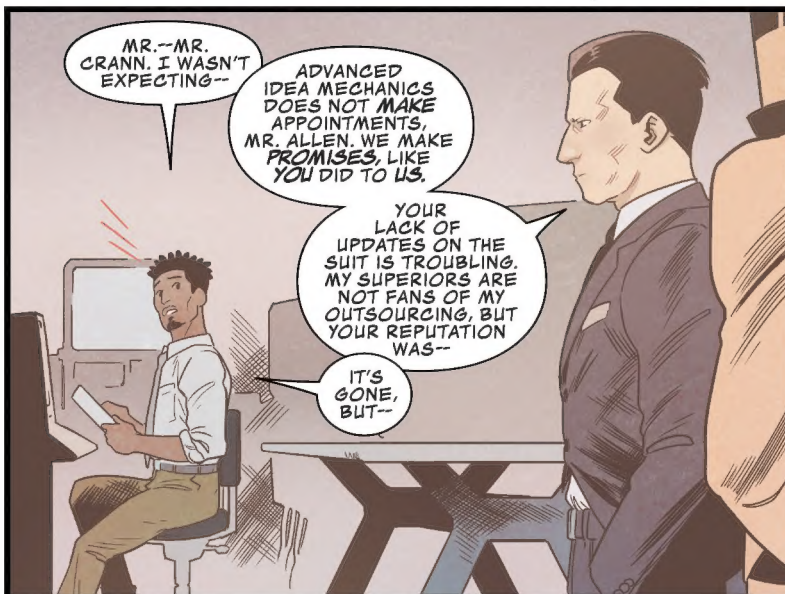


MR.--MR. CRANN. I WASN'T EXPECTING--

ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS DOES NOT MAKE APPOINTMENTS, MR. ALLEN. WE MAKE PROMISES, LIKE YOU DID TO US.

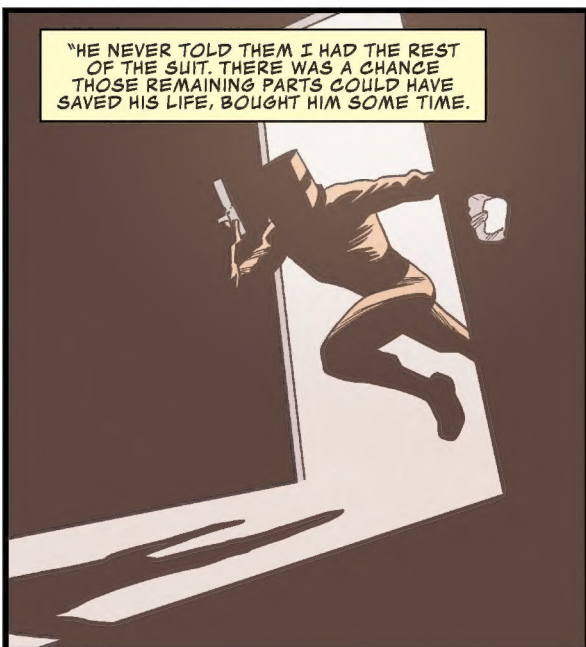
YOUR LACK OF UPDATES ON THE SUIT IS TROUBLING. MY SUPERIORS ARE NOT FANS OF MY OUTSOURCING, BUT YOUR REPUTATION WAS--

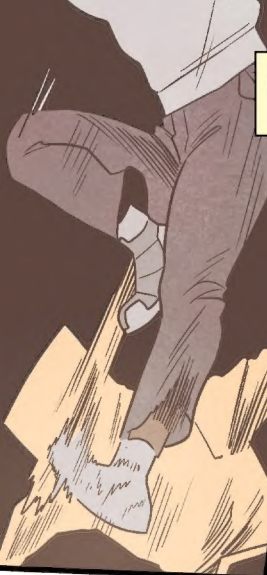
IT'S GONE, BUT--



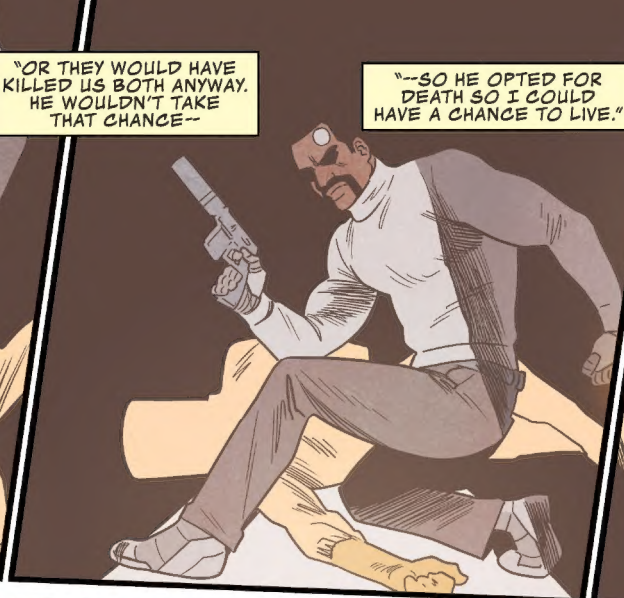
I'M SORRY?



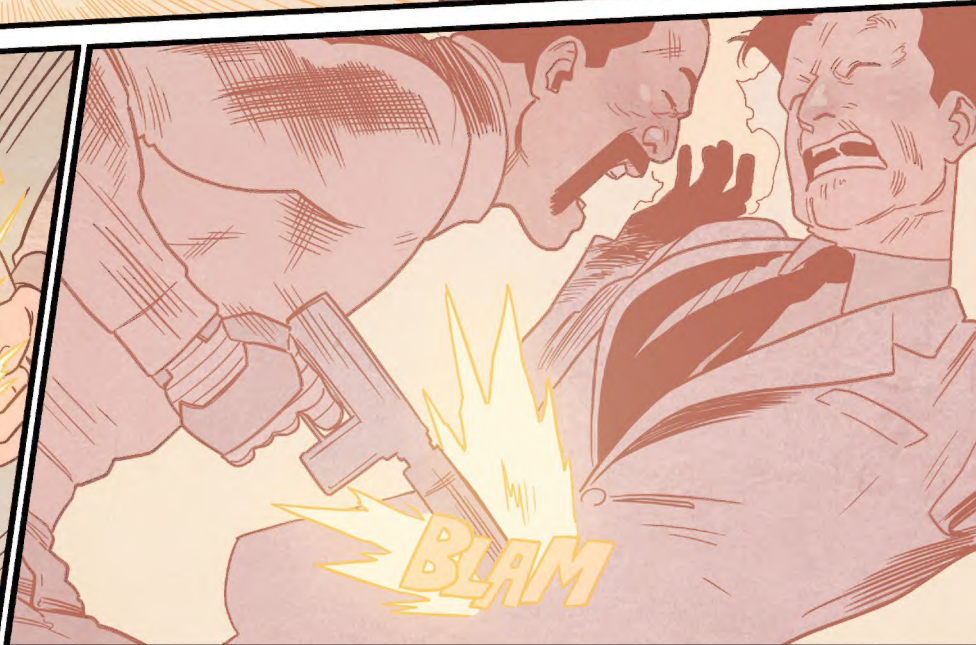
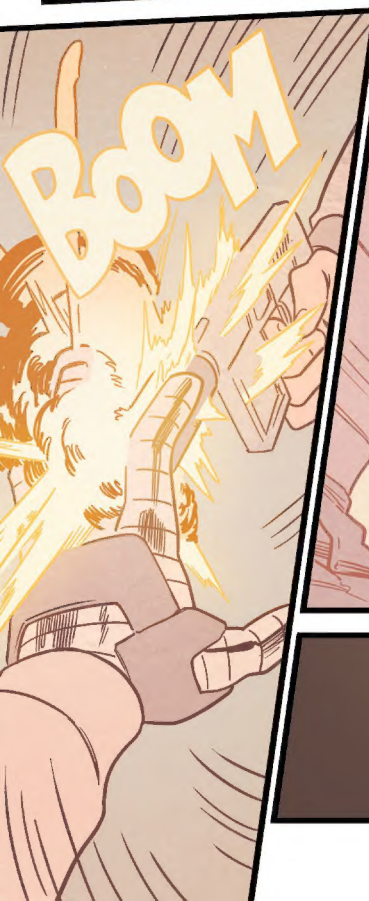
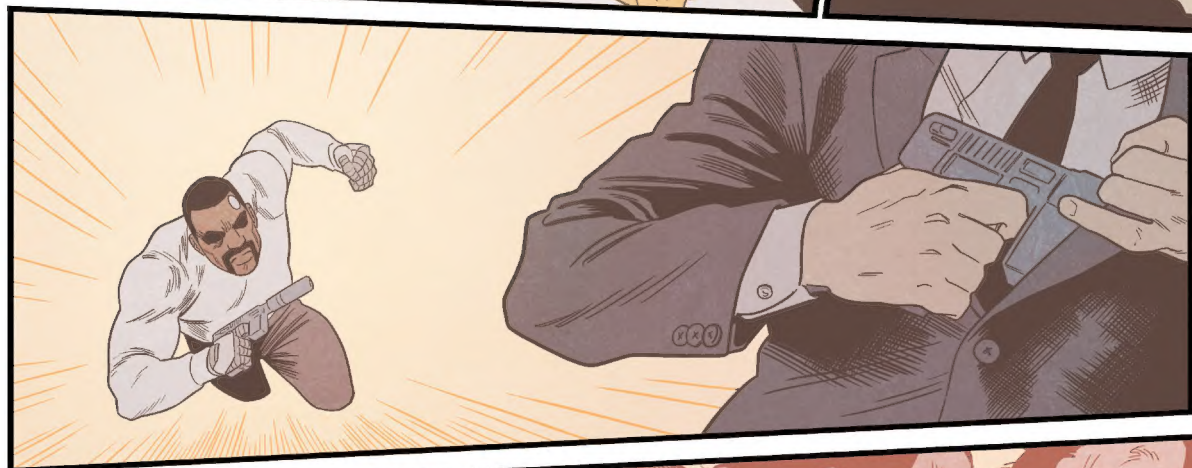
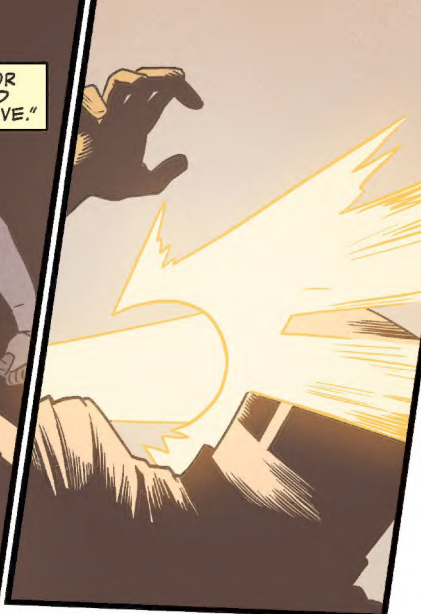


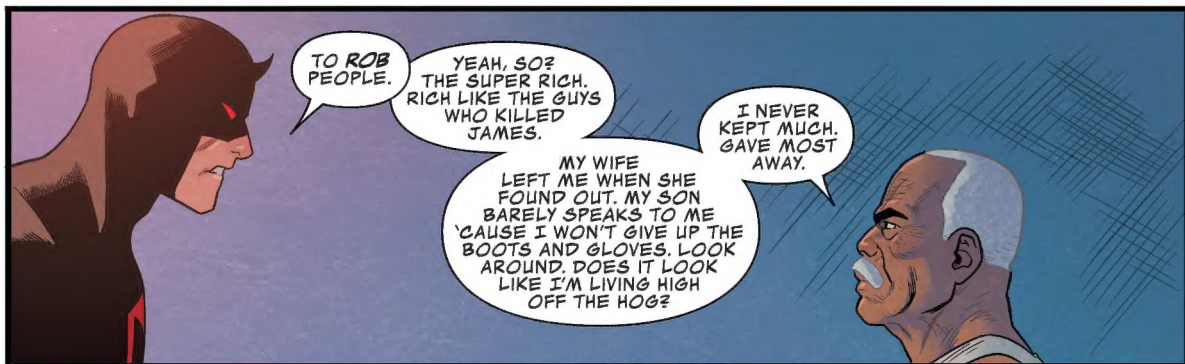


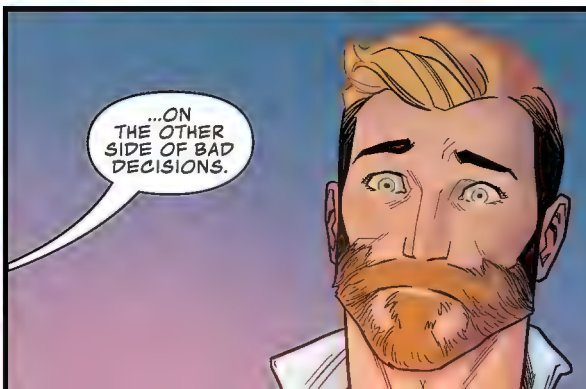
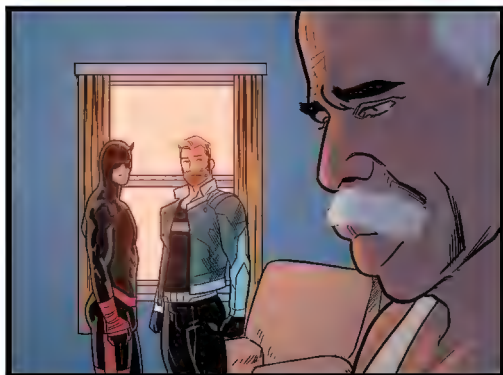
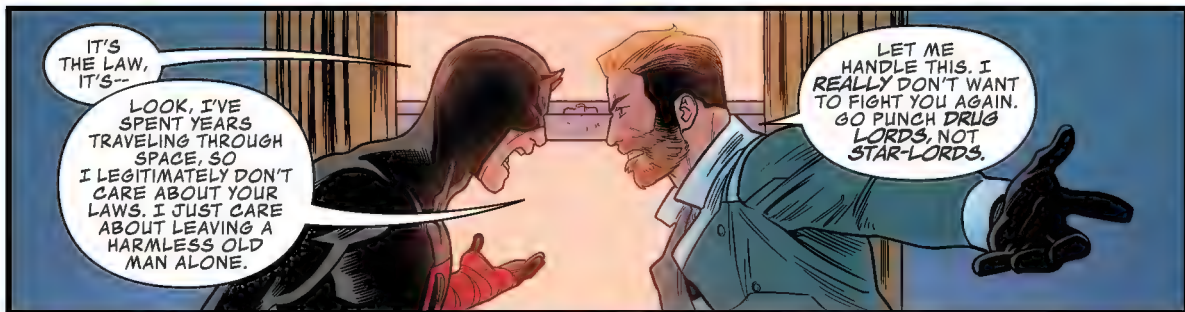
"OR THEY WOULD HAVE
KILLED US BOTH ANYWAY.
HE WOULDN'T TAKE
THAT CHANCE--

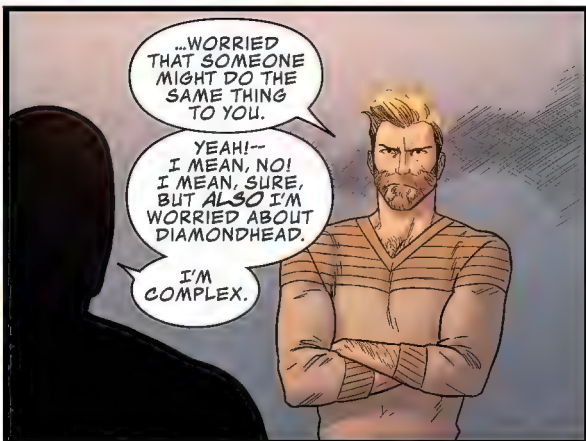
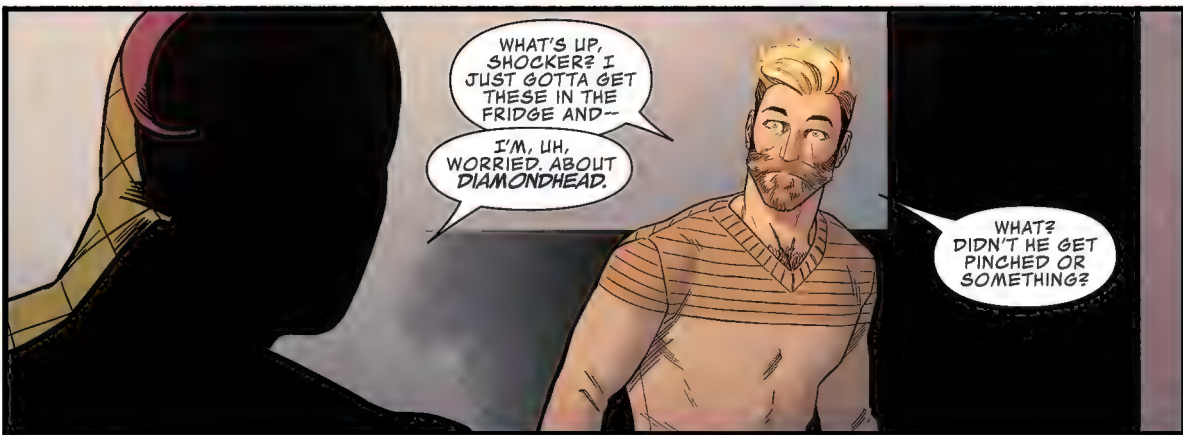
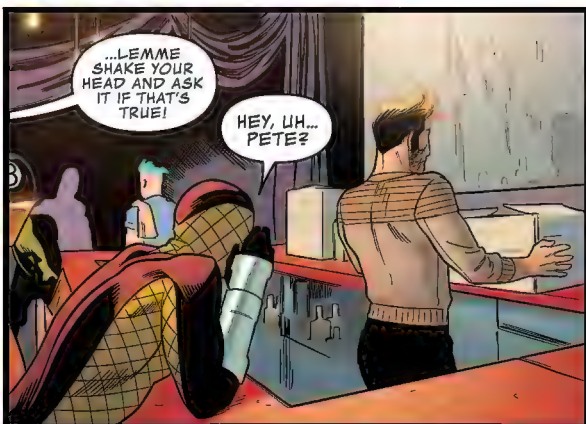


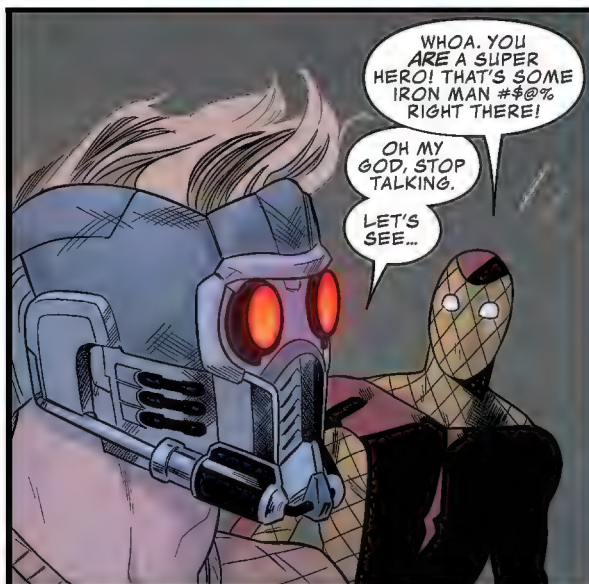
"--SO HE OPTED FOR
DEATH SO I COULD
HAVE A CHANCE TO LIVE."









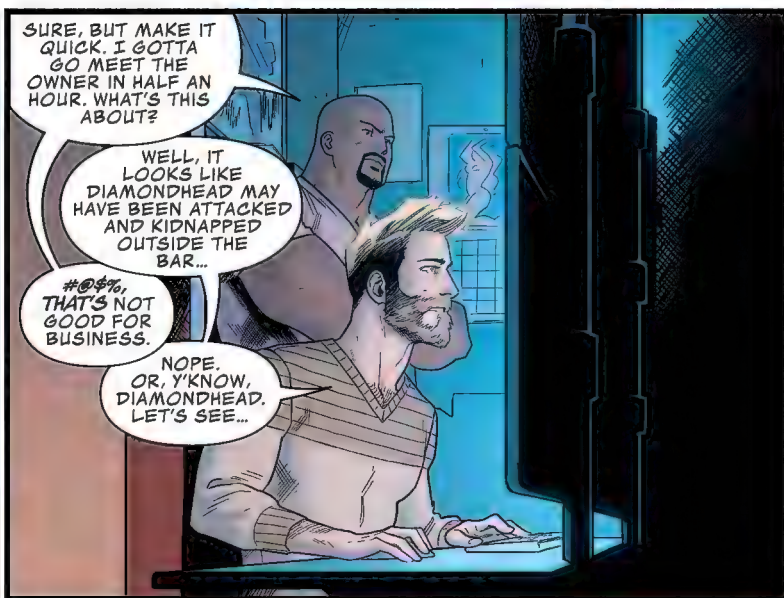




HEY, GREG?

YEAH?

I THINK WE MAY HAVE A PROBLEM. MIND IF I TAKE A LOOK AT THE SECURITY FOOTAGE FROM A COUPLE OF NIGHTS AGO?

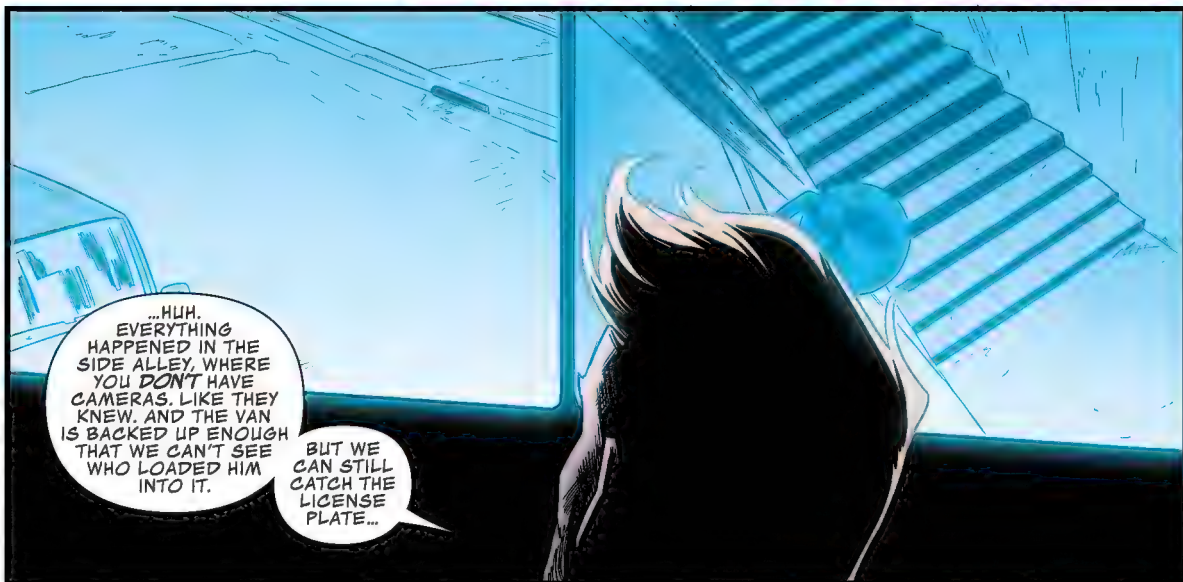


SURE, BUT MAKE IT QUICK. I GOTTA GO MEET THE OWNER IN HALF AN HOUR. WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE DIAMONDHEAD MAY HAVE BEEN ATTACKED AND KIDNAPPED OUTSIDE THE BAR...

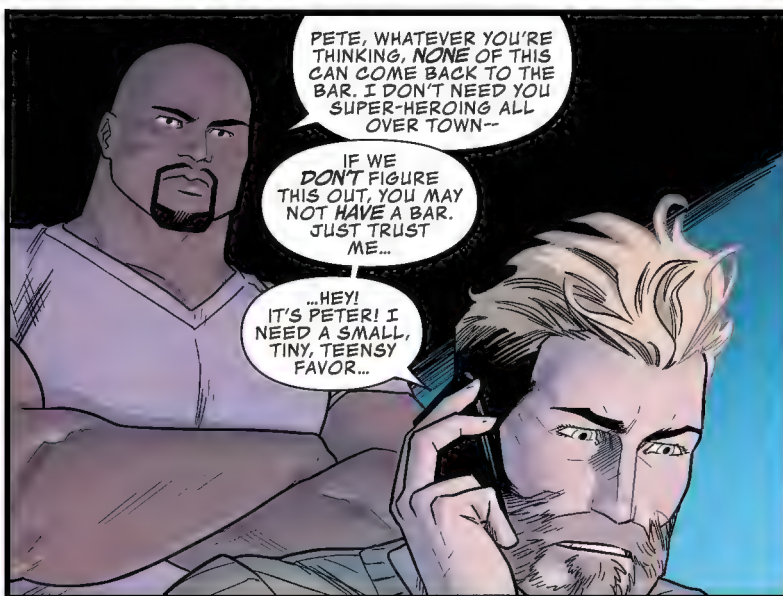
#@%\$, THAT'S NOT GOOD FOR BUSINESS.

NOPE. OR, Y'KNOW, DIAMONDHEAD. LET'S SEE...



...HUH. EVERYTHING HAPPENED IN THE SIDE ALLEY, WHERE YOU DON'T HAVE CAMERAS. LIKE THEY KNEW. AND THE VAN IS BACKED UP ENOUGH THAT WE CAN'T SEE WHO LOADED HIM INTO IT.

BUT WE CAN STILL CATCH THE LICENSE PLATE...



PETE, WHATEVER YOU'RE THINKING, NONE OF THIS CAN COME BACK TO THE BAR. I DON'T NEED YOU SUPER-HEROING ALL OVER TOWN--

IF WE DON'T FIGURE THIS OUT, YOU MAY NOT HAVE A BAR. JUST TRUST ME...

...HEY! IT'S PETER! I NEED A SMALL, TINY, TEENSY FAVOR...



OH, FOR-- WHAT IS IT THIS TIME?

THUD



YOU RUN
OUT OF SHIRTS
ALREADY?



TEN MINUTES LATER.

SO...SHE
JUST GAVE IT
TO YOU?

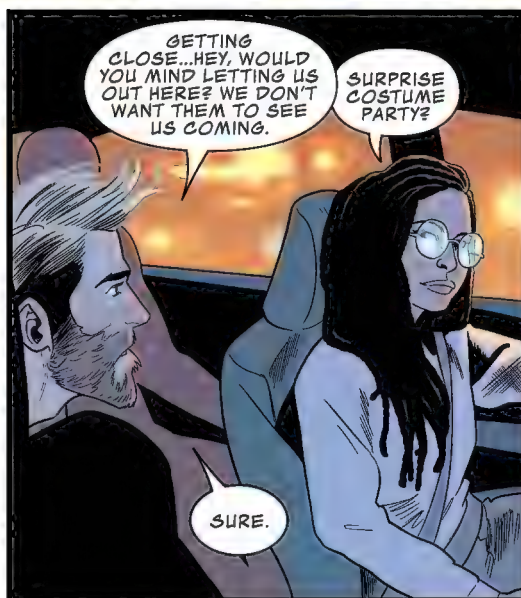


YEAH. I BARELY
GOT THE LICENSE
NUMBER OUT OF MY
MOUTH WHEN SHE HAD
ITS LOCATION.

CREEPY, MAN.
IT'S ALMOST
IMPOSSIBLE TO
BE A CROOK
THESE DAYS.

OH AND, UH,
SORRY I DON'T
HAVE A CAR.
SPIDER-MAN
WRECKED IT.

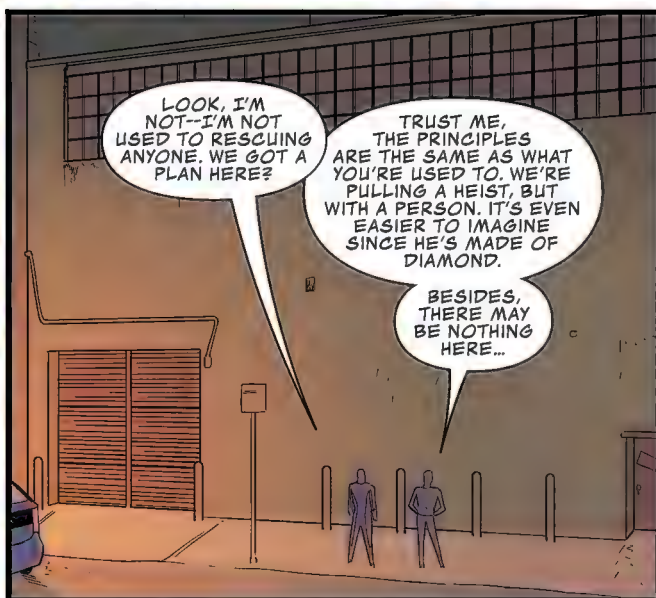
UGH.
"SPIDER-MAN:
THREAT OR
MENACE," AM
I RIGHT?



GETTING
CLOSE...HEY, WOULD
YOU MIND LETTING US
OUT HERE? WE DON'T
WANT THEM TO SEE
US COMING.

SURPRISE
COSTUME
PARTY?

SURE.

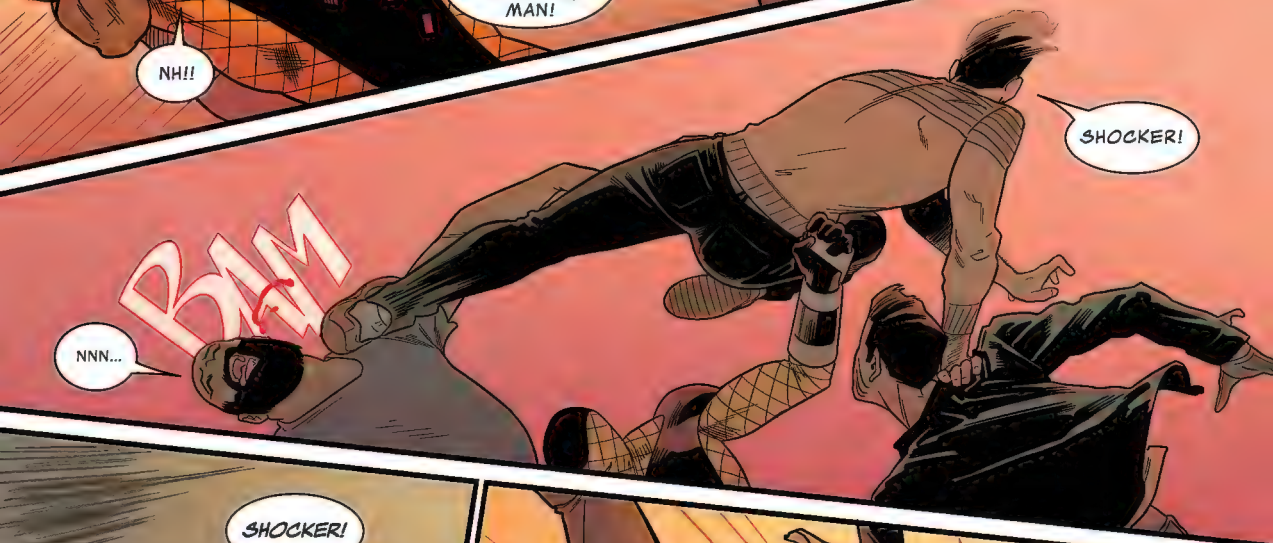


LOOK, I'M
NOT--I'M NOT
USED TO RESCUING
ANYONE. WE GOT A
PLAN HERE?

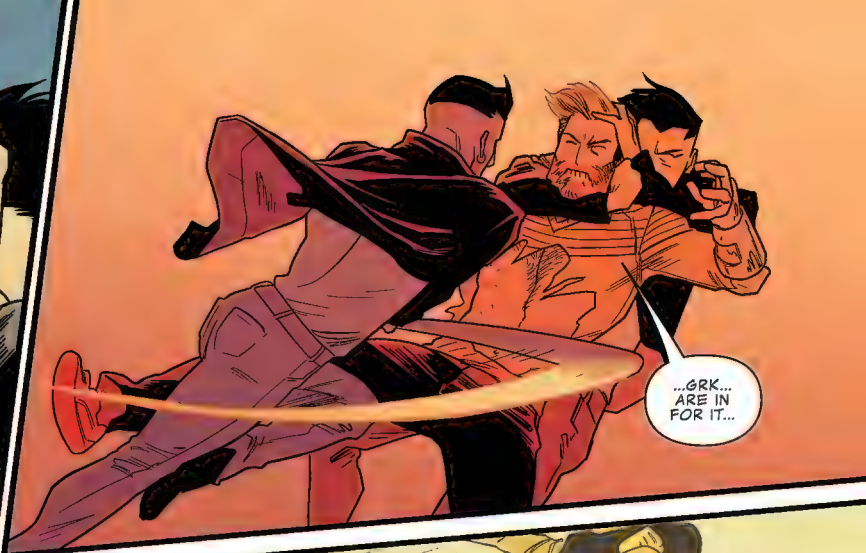
TRUST ME,
THE PRINCIPLES
ARE THE SAME AS WHAT
YOU'RE USED TO. WE'RE
PULLING A HEIST, BUT
WITH A PERSON. IT'S EVEN
EASIER TO IMAGINE
SINCE HE'S MADE OF
DIAMOND.

BESIDES,
THERE MAY
BE NOTHING
HERE...









--HANDSOME
RENEGADE
BARTENDER,
ISN'T HE?

NOT SURE
ABOUT THE
BEARD
THOUGH.

NHHHH...I'LL
TAKE THAT UNDER
CONSIDERATION...

YOUR LITTLE
SHOCKER FRIEND
WOKE UP AND TOOK
OFF, BY THE WAY. WITH
DIAMONDBEAD. I'M
NOT TOO HAPPY
ABOUT THAT.

...AND WHO
THE HELL
ARE YOU?

WHY,
I'M YOUR
BOSS!

NAME'S
FELICIA, BUT
PEOPLE CALL ME
THE **BLACK CAT**. I
OWN THE BAR. I
OWN A LOT OF
THINGS.

I NEED
TO FILE AN HR
COMPLAINT--

YOU'RE
FUNNY, IN A
NOT-REALLY-
FUNNY WAY.
I LIKE
THAT.

I OWN
THE BAR...

...AND IT'S PROVEN *QUITE* PROFITABLE. I
KNOW EVERY SCHEME BEING HATCHED
IN MY CITY, WHERE EVERY BAUBLE IS
BURIED. HEARING THAT **DIAMONDBEAD**
CAN GROW BACK HIS **DIAMOND LIMBS**
WAS *ESPECIALLY* LUCRATIVE.

BUT I CAN
ONLY RIP OFF MY
CLIENTELE FOR SO
LONG, *ESPECIALLY*
WITH THE EXTRA
HEAT LATELY.

YOU KNOW
YOU TOOK OUT A
BUNCH OF MY CREW
RECENTLY? IT'S
TRUE.*

ANYWAY, THE BAR HAS
PROVIDED ME ONE LAST
JOB TO PULL. NORMALLY
I'D DO THE HONORS, BUT
YOU'RE A BIT OF A THIEF
YOURSELF, YEAH?
WELL--

*YEP! SEE
STAR-LORD #1!
--DARREN



"-I'M GOING TO LET YOU GO, PETER QUILL. AND YOU'RE GOING TO ROB OUR TARGET: THE WEALTHIEST DENIZEN OF OUR LITTLE BAR."



"WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT? WELL, LIKE I SAID, THE BAR HAS BEEN VERY GOOD TO ME WITH INFORMATION."

"AND YOU HAVE SOMEONE CLOSE TO YOU, DON'T YOU?"



"WELL, NOW I HAVE THEM."

EDMUND!!!



PETER! WHAT IN THE HELL--

RNG RNG



RNG~

OH, PETER! YOU DIDN'T THINK I MEANT THE OLD MAN, DID YOU?

NO, NO, YOU'LL NEED HIM. ONLY THE INFAMOUS SILVER BANDIT CAN HELP YOU PULL THIS OFF...

"...SO HE
CAN GET HIS
SON BACK."



NEXT ISSUE: BROCEAN'S TWO!

STAR-LORD

NEXT

ISSUE
NUMBER 5



GOT SOMETHING TO SAY? SEND LETTERS TO
MHEROES@MARVEL.COM AND MARK THEM "OKAY TO PRINT!"